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at no point, John cut very slightly his leg with the chain saw - the fabric tore in a 3-corner tear and the skin was just broken. Not serious, but the consequences could have been horrible. John's father, characteristically, yelled at John for having cut himself.

John & I cleared away some lilac bushes in the cemetery that were pushing at tombstones; also some cherry & locust trees along the NE corner of the cemetery wall & I must say that it looks grand. Lunch today was very routine - no one seemed to have anything to say. The cutting and burning operation wound down at about 3 PM; the Gubermark clan all went into town and I tended the fire. I watched some people put up a deer platform on the south edge of the meadow and so I suppose that there will be a fair amount of shooting going on out back when deer season begins.

Also Terry Bridge and family were in their woods and were cutting dead branches off of trees - they didn't get close enough for me to speak to them. I went down to the Tinker Creek and bathed & washed my working clothes & then hung them on my new clothes line - from the maple by the Palazzo Gondolf to the SE corner of the church. Very strong. Such pleasure it gives me to have my very own clothes line! What a strange thing for me to say I admit, I know. But I love being able to go out back and hang up clothes and let them dry in the sun and wind. They smell so wonderful when dried that way.

As I sat on a tree stump and watched the fire & enjoyed the late afternoon sun & breeze and the leaves, a car pulled into my yard and two people said hello and then photographed the mountain

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from my front yard. I thought to myself - what a luxury it mine to live daily in these spectacular surroundings, and I do love living here. They went away and then I discovered that there were two women walking up the hill in the cemetery - an older woman & her daughter or daughter-in-law, thought I. When they were in range, I said hello & they returned my greeting very friendly. They came to where I was sitting - on the wall near the East gate. I introduced myself and they said that they lived down in the first white house (next to Terry Bridge) on the Clifford Road. The older woman said: "You're the president of the Carbonade Historical Society, aren't you. We saw your picture in the paper." Amazing. Everywhere I go I am known. I pointed out what I have done in the cemetery and the women were pleased. I identified myself as a descendant of the Russell & the McAllan and then showed the women the stones in question. We talked about Mildred Burdick Wood & about the McAllan - who used to live in the brown house on the NW corner at Elddale corner. The two women said that the cemetery's money comes from primarily two bequests, and she didn't mention which two. She pointed out the dirt pile at the NW entrance to the cemetery and said that that dirt would be used to fill-in grave cans - etc. Excellent. The cemetery has an active maintenance program, and I complimented the women on that